



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Western Slope. By CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY. Evanston, Ill.: William S. Lord, 1903. Pp. 250. \$1.25, postpaid.

ALTHOUGH this is not a book on education, it presents in leisurely fashion the author's restful views on "the way we have come" during the last thirty years, educationally, religiously, and socially. To look at the world about us through the eyes of this genial, philosophic-minded woman is well worth one's while.

Mrs. Woolley is a panegyrist of, not youth, nor old age, but the years of life "from thirty to fifty and a little beyond"—that is, *The Western Slope*. That a club woman who has been more or less in the thick of the various reform movements for the last thirty years should have a serene appreciation of the sunshine of life's afternoon is a good sign of the times. Surely, not only the will to believe, but also the will to be genial, exist within her soul. Some lines, which are the writer's foreword, are so simple, so full of imagery, grace, and beauty, that I give them:

Down the hill the rest of the way,
And quite past noon the time of day.

A gentle slope, a sunset sky,
Halting feet, but a lifted eye.

Body growing tired and old;
Spirit will some day slip its hold.

Heart that has gained and lost with the rest,
And learned just loving is the best.

Afternoon, and this peaceful slope;
The sunset sky with its tale of hope.

Mrs. Woolley's pleasure in her recollections of the spell downs of former day and the other emulative methods of the school which made "beating and getting ahead" a basis of interest is not shared by all the residents of the "western slope." I well remember the experience of a shy young person who in one day was initiated into a new school and made acquainted with the horrors of that rack of torture—the spell down. She saw then for the first time children nerved for battle, or pale and tearful from chagrin because they had been the last chosen, and a few dull ones, whom evidently no one expected to spell, reddening painfully under the slights and stings in the tones of the leaders, and the smiles and glances of other children, joining the ranks only at the point of the bayonet. Then, when the battle had begun, came the flush of conquest into some faces, or of rage at defeat into others, and the driven, hunted look into the faces of the helpless children who "could not spell." She longed to take the unhappy ones by the hand and say: "Never mind, for, though I can spell, I could never have learned this way."

Some valuable suggestions are made to women who speak in public discussions:

It is the merit and weakness of the average woman speaker to suppose she must have a definite line of thought to follow, a cause to serve, an object to gain. The result is that when she has nothing more

to say she stops talking and sits down; thus she often fails in finish and the gift of climax. I doubt if many women speakers know what climax is. They stop abruptly, as I have said, when they are through, or rather when they have lost their immediate clue. All this is but saying that, while women have the gift of public speaking, they have not yet, as a rule, acquired the art; and the art consists in something besides the proper chest tone, the right sort of gesture and pose. It sounds absurd, but the art of public speaking consists largely in the ability to keep on talking. Most men speakers have this gift in wearisome perfection. Much as I have suffered from this talent of theirs, of interminability, I admire it also. Few women have learned to think on their feet.

The story of the successes of The Village Improvement Club is entertaining and convincing.

In this book one is able to get away from that "too personal point of view which hinders understanding all round; a tyrannous and insistent ego which brings every matter to be judged, all human values, to the bar of some preconceived wish or opinion."

LAURA T. BRAYTON.

HYDE PARK HIGH SCHOOL.